

UNITY.

FREEDOM, + FELLOWSHIP + AND + CHARACTER + IN + RELIGION.

VOL. IX.

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NOTES.

During the editor's absence of three or four months, the following friends of UNITY expect to take turns upon his cricket: W. C. Gannett, June 16; H. M. Simmons, July 1; S. S. Hunting, July 16; J. H. Crooker, Aug. 1; C. W. Wendte, Aug. 16; J. C. Learned, Sept. 1; J. T. Sunderland, Sept. 16. A. G. Jennings acts as office editor, and to him letters on editorial or other business can be addressed,—40 Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

What shall be the Emerson Memorial? Longfellow was the people's poet, and it is no surprise that the thought of a national dollar subscription to his memorial has been so widely welcomed. But Emerson is the prophet of the ten thousand, not of the million. All the more let the ten thousand resolve upon the joy of honoring him. In what noble service shall we enshrine our reverence?

In a recent *Register* came some words with the push of a mountain-wind: "A religion wide as the widest outlook of the modern mind; a religion free as human thought, concurrent with reason, co-ordinate with science; a religion in which the present predominates over the past, and the future over the present; in which judgment tops authority, and vision outruns tradition,—this is the instant demand of a liberal faith." So speaks Dr. Hedge.

If any Unity Club or Class has studied Emerson's works in a systematic and successful way, we wish that a programme of its course might be received by UNITY for possible publication. There are many who will welcome such a guide for this summer's reading, and probably many a class next fall will say, "Let us arrange a winter's work in Emerson." A plan that will stimulate home-reading, suggest themes for written papers, and open conversation-paths, is wanted; and not too hard a plan.

Is the Master living who will compose the National Oratorio or Symphony with Lowell's "Commemoration Ode" for words? In some of the movements in the Ode (Parts III., V., VIII., IX., XI., XII.) it seems as if we could hear the music waiting, but swelling as we read. That Union Symphony once written, then what celebrations in the land on Decoration Day! What solemn preparation for it by men and women singers! What anniversary in all the year with such an uplift to it! Is the Master living who will bind his fame unto the Day and win the nation's gratitude?

And UNITY sends its heartiest God-speed after its editor. Mr. Jones has gone to Wales, his native land, where one of his ancestors and his name was the original Adam of Unitarianism about a century ago. No better earned vacation than his will there be among the rest-seekers who cross the sea this year. And yet we know it will be no mere vacation. He won't be able to resist the temptation of translating "Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion" into Welsh, and starting a Unity Club or two among his cousins. We thank Wales for getting him born, and then dispensing with him early. We claim his education as American. Father Taylor said of Dr. Channing, "He is such a splendid mind,—what a pity that he hadn't been educated!" Mr. Jones has had what Dr. Channing missed,—an education: he was Freshman on a Wisconsin farm, Sophomore in the Union Army, Junior in the Meadville Divinity School, Senior in the Janesville pulpit, and on graduation became the Missionary Secretary of

the Western Unitarian Conference and editor of *UNITY*,—a noble training for a noble post. But back of all this lie Wales and those ancestors. There is an old man in Wisconsin whom we thank for lending us his boy, and whom we congratulate on the man he at last sends back to see the family at home.

Three "canons of the Church of England," it is reported, announced after Darwin's death that "Darwin's theories were not necessarily hostile to the fundamental truths of religion." This is lucky for Nature: and the three canons deserve a great deal of credit for not keeping it a secret. The world has a right to share in all good news.

We see a cross, on which is lifted up a man in death. On the right hand and the left are two other crosses, and two malefactors hang on them. Over the right hand cross is written "Bishop of the Church;" over the other, "Infidel." And the man upon the right hand is saying of him upon the central cross, "How can I ever think of this man's religious frame without a painful sense of its desolation!" And the man upon the left is saying, "If Christianity be true, Emerson is this night in Hell." And the Man between them answers nothing: he is dead. But that smile lingers on his face.

— Yet we honor Bishop Huntington for his courage in dispraising Emerson amid the choruses of praise. It is the man's courage and the churchman's thought. Each sets off the other.

The *Index* of April 27 contains a fine sermon full of feeling as well as argument about "Agnosticism and Religion." It shows that Agnosticism can be a very strong and glowing Religion, and how largely nominal any dispute is between religion which calls God "God" and that which calls him "the Ideal." Somehow we find it impossible to quarrel about—God. Every doubt illustrates him. Every denial confirms and enlarges our thought of him, contributes something for which we feel grateful. Identify Man with Nature and you identify Nature with Man; Materialism spiritualizes the Universe. So with Agnosticism: it says forever "Unrim your thoughts, when you think towards God,"—and forever we would obey.

For a little picture-gallery of American authors send nothing or six cents to Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston, for their catalogue of 1882. You

will get pictures of Aldrich, Cooper, Emerson, Bret Harte, Hawthorne, Holmes, Howells, James, Longfellow, Lowell, Stedman, Mrs. Stowe, Warner, Whittier. Six cents is better to send than nothing, for all this. If, next year, that firm or any other will publish in its catalogue portraits of the elder authors,—for instance, to illustrate fully and completely Lowell's "Fable for Critics,"—we promise to notice free, and practice what we preach about the sending.

DARWIN'S CONTRIBUTION TO RELIGION.

If Nature is work of God, as Darwin thought, who deserves religious honor more than this man who listened to her lessons so trustingly and followed them so faithfully? And who followed Jesus' lessons better than this man, so "pure in heart," so patient and peaceful, and who "when he was reviled, reviled not again?" Were not his teachings also religious? Many tell us they were degrading. Degrading? There is not a subject Darwin touched which he did not elevate. He has shown us more to admire and revere in all living things, from the leaf in the forest to our "animals and plants under domestication," from the marvelous flower of the orchid to the more marvelous insect that fertilizes it. He has written volumes to show the wondrous adaptations and almost animal intelligence in the vegetable world, from the common "movements in plants" to the more curious movements in "insectivorous plants." He has labored to show how much more intelligence there is in animals than we knew. That last book he wrote is typical of all,—making us feel a new admiration and thankfulness toward the mere worms beneath our feet, a new veneration for the wondrous works of creation.

Nor has he degraded our ideas of man. What if man be descended from a lower order of animals,—even from monkeys, if you wish to give our arboreal ancestors that name, though of course no scientist does? If we are going to stand on our pedigree, it would seem that a pedigree reaching back 600,000 years and starting with monkeys, were better than one reaching back only 6,000 years and starting with mud. Or if we wish to boast of our history, surely the record of a *rise* from animal conditions to the lofty heights of human civilization is more honorable than the record of a *fall*. And certainly a religion which charges the Creator with cursing the world, and bringing the fall and flood, and making so many millions to be "utterly depraved" in this world and "eter-

nally damned" in another, is not so reverent as a religion which sees a Creative Power working ever upward instead of downward,—making each species while it enjoys its own existence to bring forth a higher, and so, by the survival of the *fittest* instead of the *fallen*, moving onward in circles of progress, from matter to mind, from animal to man, from savage to saint, from lust to love,—not away from paradise, but ever in paradise, and ever rising toward a higher. This surely is a more religious doctrine. Mr. Darwin has never written a line to lower our conception of man or of God. We are what we are, whatever our ancestry; mind and spirit are here, however they have come. Nay, a new hope comes in looking down the path which life has climbed. Mr. Darwin has made us admire "Climbing Plants," but still more this climbing progress. His "Descent of Man" is the ascent of man, and shows man still ascendant. Mr. Darwin has not degraded, but glorified our race and religion. By his own life, so great in its mental power and moral purity, he has shown the grandeur in manhood; by his doctrines, he bids us hope for a still higher manhood. And when we become more accustomed to the great change of thought now taking place in the world, we shall see that this principle of evolution, which he has been the foremost in teaching, leads also to loftier heights in religion.

H. M. S.

THE AFTER-GLOW OF EMERSON.

The world delights to praise; and Death, always generous of joy in this kind, of late has given us our fill. Longfellow, Darwin, Emerson! From lip to lip and Church to Church and land to land the names have passed with halos growing round them. Of Emerson especially it has been good to watch the gracious stories stealing out from private memories, as if the best thing that could be said about him was a word that he himself had said of—anything. Men tell of their one interview with pride; old friends number the years of their friendship,—“a fifty years' acquaintance,” “my life-long converse.” Does any one know aught less good than best of him? Have we really had a flawless man among us in the flesh, had him for fellow-citizen,—and did he speak to us and take us by the hand? Has it been Jesus coming in from Concord in the cars and wandering along the Boston side-walks towards the Athenæum and Chestnut Street? Years ago Father Taylor, the Methodist, told us, “I have laid my ear close to his heart and never heard any jar in the machinery: he is more like

Jesus than anybody else I have known.” Dr. Hedge tells us now, “He was truth's next neighbor. In my life-long converse with him, I could detect nothing between him and the truth,—not only no hypocrisy or pretence, but no wilfulness, no vanity, no sensitiveness to praise or blame, no art to win applause, no ambition even.” Dr. Holmes says, “His character was so blameless, so beautiful, that it was rather a standard to judge others by than to find a place for on the scale of comparison.” Holmes has probably said nothing in prose or verse more sure to make his own name live than the words he spoke on Emerson at the meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society. The noblest picture yet. What can be finer than this sentence—except its own truth: “Here was an iconoclast without a hammer, who took down our idols from their pedestals so tenderly that it seemed like an act of worship.” Dr. Bartol calls him “narrow in some ways,” but it is a little hard to pick these ways out from his praise. Emerson over-rated the individual and under-rated society; and Emerson was too much disgusted with the devil to grapple with him sturdily,—this seems to be the criticism. So be it then: not flawless, not the “new teacher come full circle.” But so near it! So near it even to this revering friend who calls him “Not dignified, but dignity;” who says, “I sometimes thought him the only temperate man;” who speaks of “His words, which, like natural works, features of the landscape, and geysers bursting from the ground, must be, and cannot be unsaid, unthought, or undone;” who writes, “This will be known as the age of Darwin and Emerson.” How nobly the great Scripture-passages have offered themselves in one address and another to describe him! And how the speakers have tried to find the describing word,—was he “poet,” or “preacher,” or “preacher-poet,” or “seer,” or “prophet?” Of all the old words borrowed for him, none fall more exquisitely fit upon the sense of portraiture than those which Judge Hoar repeated at the funeral:

“A sweet, attractive kind of grace,
A full assurance given by looks,
Continual comfort in a face,
The lineaments of gospel books!
I trow, that countenance cannot lie,
Whose thoughts are legible in the eye.

“Was ever eye did see that face,
Was ever ear did hear that tongue,
Was ever mind did mind his grace,
That ever thought the travel long?
But eyes and ears and every thought,
Were with his sweet perfections caught.”

But there is another way than praise in which the after-glow of Emerson will long be in our skies,—perhaps never will die away. Already in

his life his own words began to pass into proverbs, and his sentences into Scripture. Do any one man's writings in our English tongue offer so many for such purposes? Many a pulpit will presently have its Emersonian Gospel,—a book of sacred sentences like these: "He who does a good deed is instantly ennobled. The safety of God, the immortality of God, the majesty of God do enter into a man with justice." "The word Miracle, as pronounced by Christian churches, gives a false impression; it is Monster. It is not one with the blowing clover and the falling rain." "The identity of the law of gravitation with purity of heart: the Ought, Duty, is one thing with Science, with Beauty, and with Joy." For twenty years to come he is likely to stock our talk with more and more "familiar quotations." And a special joy about it is that the range is so wide, and as yet so little known, and the flowers so abundant everywhere, that any one can go a-field and fill his baskets, and even discover new species for himself. If one has yet to make his first adventure into Emerson, let him take first the "Problem," and learn that by heart; then take a bolder walk, and six times read the "Divinity School Address;" then perhaps try "Nature." That slowly mastered, he will know the flowers and where the foot-paths lead,—and then for a thousand walks to a thousand sunny, wind-swept heights!

CREEDS THAT NEVER GROW OLD.

The Western Unitarian Conference in incorporating itself has adopted for the motto on its seal the words "Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion." UNITY may well be glad. But we hope it is not graceless to express regret that the same words, with others tending to strengthen and bring out their meaning, were refused entrance to the legal document where the presence would have been a ringing deed for the faith we love. On the seal they are a ringing *word*, and in that sign we shall go on conquering the heathenisms of Christianity and our own hearts. But in the Articles of Incorporation they would have been a *deed*; for, standing there to define the specific cause which the Western Unitarian Conference called its own, they would have made the clearest, bravest announcement yet made, so far as we know, in the history of either English or American Unitarianism, that Unitarianism stands for a method and a spirit and a moral purpose in religion rather than for any intellectual beliefs whatever. By the side of elder definitions of that faith,—definitions

couched more or less in phrases chosen to imply an intellectual creed-test, definitions which control the Court decisions and entrance to the larger associations of the faith—this would have taken its place as the representative voice of the Unitarians of the West in 1882. It would have taken its place among those elder definitions, and it would have been the prophet's place, and brought both the risk and the inspiration of a prophet's presence.

But we were not ready: and even if we had been twice as ready as we were, not enough were ready enough, to make that definition a true deed to do in 1882. It was a Great Refusal, a Lost Opportunity: but it is well to refuse and to lose what only has value through practically unanimous acceptance.

Meanwhile, the broad and generous temper in which both sides conducted the discussion of this matter at the Conference showed that many individuals, as individuals, loved well the phrase which some of them thought too "sentimental" and "unbusiness-like" for a legal document, which others thought "inadequate as definition," and which still others feared because it *was* a "definition." From their own attitude it seemed mere justice to appeal from the vote to the voters, when their argument implied that "Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion" were not the Unitarian "business." For what end was the Unitarian born and for what cause came he into the world, if not to bear witness unto that? What words "mean business," *his* business, quite so emphatically as that—"sentiment?" There are "sentiments" which slope from nothingness to nothingness, and other sentiments which express the very leap of the deed, the very clinch of both working hands; and we had thought that in that phrase we had that latter kind of sentiment. And there are "definitions" which do their good, and then their harm,—and other definitions which do good, and then good, and forevermore do good; and we had thought that in that definition we had one of those unending Beatitudes, a creed that never could grow old.

And the comfort is that we really all think so, whatever more we would like to add, or however hard we hold our silent tongues! The Unitarian "communion" is broader than the Unitarian "denomination," and one cannot escape the communion even if one cannot get into the denomination! But may the day come when the two shall be one,—and that one be the "communion!"

W. C. G.

THE SIX WHO SCOTCH THE TEMPERANCE REFORM.

A Total Abstinence Society of those who do *not* think it wrong to drink intoxicating liquors in un-intoxicating quantities, and therefore will not say they do,—but who do think it right “for *their* sake” to give up drinking even a drop of beer or cider, and therefore will do that right,—such a Total Abstinence Society as this is next in order. Its pledge a short-time, honest pledge of six months or one year, to make it honorable to ask the children to take it, and possible for the unfortunate to keep it; at the end of that time to be publicly renewed. If *all* in a church would join that Society, that church would lead the town in moral power. If *all* in ten churches in a town would join it, those solid ten would shape the public sentiment, at last would probably control it,—so winsome is it for a little multitude to do right by means that do no wrong and no unreason. But “all,”—it takes “all” to make the impression; and there are six men in each church who won’t. Three of them never drink too much, but will not “for *their* sake” give up the little liquor which they want. Three never drink at all, but they will not stand and re-stand ~~thus~~ in public on the side that helps: quite honestly they feel it scarcely does help. *And it is those six men of brain and character who scotch the Temperance Reform*, for it is those six men of weight who together lead the public opinion of their church. Let *them* start the Temperance Society, the unexpected six of weight acting together, and keep it up from year to year in a public way, and the boys of that church are comparatively safe. Ten times one are ten, and ten churches mould the town.

We say “church” only because churches are natural cradles, provided by society, at present, for higher life to start in.

RELIGIOUS PHRASEOLOGY.

V.

“In Newton’s sermon we find nine references to the Gospels, two to the Epistles, nine to the Prophets, one to the Psalms, and none to any other parts of Scripture. In the sermon of Guarric we find seven references to the Gospels, one to the Epistles, twenty-two to the Psalms, nine to the Prophets, and eighteen to other parts of Scripture. Thus the total number of quotations made by the Evangelical preachers is twenty-one; by Guarric, fifty-seven; and this in a sermon of about equal length.”—*John Mason Neale’s Medieval Preachers, etc.*

“Theology cannot remain content with repeating the old phrases for faith when science offers a richer natural language for the expression of spiritual truth.”—*Dr. Newman Smyth, Princeton Review, May, 1882.*

No matter what reformation we study in the his-

tory of religions, this symptom is first observable,—a change in religious phraseology. The moral consciousness of the age is getting beyond its received theology. For a while the old phrases are used with enlarged meanings. But when it is found that words supposed to have a specific sense are employed in a general sense, formulas have to be re-defined. Disputes break out. The new wine bursts the old bottles; and terms once sacred, now saturated with error or the memory of bitter contention, are avoided.

Let us glance at what is known as the Liberal or Unitarian movement in this country. It sprang out of Puritanism or Calvinism. In the end it was an abandonment of doctrines that had been held essential to Christianity. We need not go into the causes of this revolt; but among the first indications that it was coming was the fact that the preaching was growing more *practical* and less *theological*. This was often cited against a minister when he fell under the suspicion of orthodoxy. It is a suspicious fact even now where doctrinal standards are strictly maintained. This tendency implies that the doctrines and articles are no longer central and supreme. They may be the subject of doubt or denial. It means that the preacher is setting forth religion in the terms of morality. And very likely he will be told that practical preaching, that morality, never saved a single soul. That is exactly what those suspected of Unitarianism were told in the early part of this century.

“Practical preaching” meant preaching in everyday language;—preaching less interlarded with such Bible phrases as formed the staple of doctrinal propositions. And men were dogged about and watched to see, not only what part of orthodoxy was controverted, but what part was left out. When the early Unitarian could not be arraigned for sins of commission, he was held to answer for sins of omission. The standard was orthodoxy, the whole of orthodoxy, and nothing but orthodoxy.

There were spies at the Harvard College Commencement, in 1813, to scrutinize the prayers of President Kirkland. The horrors of his heresy were as if he had not prayed at all, or had offered petitions in another tongue. It was the language of another religion that they heard;—certainly, from their point of view, it was not Christianity. We wonder ourselves what the prayers were, for the charges are all for sins of omission. *The Panoplist* said that he made “no mention of sin,” of “a

ruined state," of "a radical destruction among men," of "the church," of "forgiveness," of "regeneration," of "salvation," of "the holiness and happiness of heaven," or of "the blissful period" when truth shall prevail. In one prayer there was "no mention of, or allusion to, Christ," and in the other only in the words "through our Redeemer!"

So, many years after, when Nehemiah Adams reviewed the book of Henry Ware, Jr., on the "*Formation of the Christian Character*," he finds fault with its phraseology. "Such religion," he says, "contains no Savior." In the whole work "Christ is spoken of *once* as Mediator, as an Advocate, and as an Intercessor." Jesus is only "the Teacher," or "the Exemplar." "The word made flesh," "the cross," "the broken body," "the blood which cleanseth from all sin," "the redemption from the wrath to come," and the like, are wholly wanting, or only "slipped in" to give it "a savor of evangelical piety," where none exists!

All through that controversy the Unitarians were called the "worldly party," in distinction from the "friends of Christ." They were charged with "rejecting the Savior," "denying the Lord that bought them," disregarding "the peculiar doctrines of the gospel." They were reproached with "coldness," "moral preaching," "infidelity." As the "peculiar doctrines" of the gospel seemed to many to be identical with its peculiar phrases, some of our ministers indulged in the "evangelical" phraseology, being careful to interpret it in a broad sense. Dr. Dewey, for instance, in a discourse on *The Unitarian Belief*, declared, among other things, that we believe "in the Father, in the Son, and in the Holy Ghost." "We believe in the Atonement" even as "a sacrifice, a propitiation," and in "atoning blood." We believe "in the exceeding depravation of human nature." We believe in "regeneration," "in the doctrine of election," "in a heaven and hell," and so on. A pious lady quoted approvingly from this discourse, to show that some Unitarians, at any rate, are not so bad as they have been represented. But Prof. Stuart, of Andover, sees no virtue in this use of orthodox language, and writes: "On the part of such a man as Dr. Dewey, I can call this nothing but gross deception. He knows well, although this lady champion does not, that there is not a single one of these doctrines, according to the usual sense attached to them by all theologians of any name, which Unitarians admit, and which indeed they do not violently oppose. The artifice of Dr. Dewey consists

in employing an entirely new set of definitions. * * It merits (what it will sooner or later receive) the scorn of every upright and honest man." Shall we appeal from the Andover of yesterday to the Andover of to-day for justification?

The man who made least use of this outgrown phraseology (as we should expect from his power and pre-eminence in the movement) was CHANNING. No man of that period saw so clearly as he that the new reformation meant, and carried along with it, a change of dialect. No theological writing of those times,—hardly of any time,—is so free from conventional phrases. Everywhere his object is to speak directly and clearly, and he strikes out into common speech, avoiding antiquated metaphors and ambiguous terms, whether of the Bible or of the creeds. In a letter to Prof. George Bush, of New York, he says: "You say that Unitarians might make 'many concessions' to the Trinitarians. It is true I might adopt much of the Trinitarian language, not only on the Trinity, but the Atonement. I could say that Christ died to magnify the law, to satisfy Divine Justice, and that God cannot forgive without manifesting his displeasure at sin. But I cannot think with Tallyrand, that 'the use of language is to hide our thoughts.' Such approximations to those from whom we really differ, seem to me to put in peril our 'simplicity and godly sincerity.' I know not where they will stop. They also obstruct the progress of truth, and to the truth every Christian must be willing to be a martyr."

Channing held that whatever specific qualities Unitarianism might have, it was fundamentally an *unobscured view of religion*. He saw how unfit the language of the Bible was for dogmatic use; how remote it was from any such intention. Before Matthew Arnold he speaks of it as "thrown out." He saw how its metaphors had been seized upon as the sheltering defence of error, or hardened down into hateful doctrines. He felt that a slavish adherence to the letter was the most deadly foe of the spirit of religion. He recommended men to seek to penetrate beneath the common phrases of piety to see if they mean anything,—anything reasonable,—and to translate the thought into plain terms, while the ultimate test of all teaching was its power to minister to the moral nature.

"I imagine," he wrote, "it will be discovered that as justice may be administered without a wig, and the executive function without a crown or sceptre, so Christianity may be administered in more natural and less formal ways than have pre-

ailed, and that the minister, in growing less technical, will find religion becoming to himself and others a more living reality." "May you and I love *truth* better than *rhetoric*," he said, in an address to a brother minister. "Help men to *see*!" was his preaching motto. "Let not an ambiguous word darken the truth." Sentence after sentence in Channing's writings bears witness to his sense of the dignity, the use, the all-importance of clear speech in religion.

It was this issue that led orthodoxy and Unitarianism to part company sixty years ago. It was this issue that has led to partings since, and will lead to more to come, and so on perpetually; or until men understand that language is fluent and not fixed in its nature;—that when it becomes stiff and stark, ceasing to pulsate with living thought, transmigration into other forms is inevitable. Bold, glowing, figurative phrases; vague, ambiguous, obsolete words; peculiar, professional, oriental terms, are not the best material for general and enduring use,—especially when framed into compacts and treaties, in constructing the foundations of organizations, or in stating the principles of practical life.

J. C. L.

Contributed Articles.

COMPENSATION.

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

The wind blows up from the sea,
And touches the waiting leaves,
And bathes the toiler's brow
As he binds his ripened sheaves.

The pulse of the wind is cool,
The breath of the wind is sweet;
So sweet to the toiler's heart
That it compensates for the heat.

The limbs of work drag slow
Through the long day's tiresome sweep;
But he finds, what the idler seeks,
The balm of the blessed sleep.

The maiden loves in her youth,
But false is her trusted friend;
She weeps sad tears, and dreams
That she shall weep to the end.

But out of her woe is born
A mind more sweet, more rare
Than the world has ever seen
When all of the days were fair.

The preacher preaches in vain,
Not a soul will come at his call,
But his heart grows humble and poor,
And that is the best of all.

And after many a day,
When his life is changed to the root,
Some other soul he shall win,
And bear it to God as his fruit.

The statesman labors and strives
For a helpless people's cause,
But blindly they choose the wrong,
And defeat his righteous laws.

But out of its loss and pain
A nation will learn at length,
And the might of a people is more
Than the strongest statesman's strength.

And though his thought may rise
To the heights no soul hath trod,
Though lonely evermore,
He is lonely like a God.

And the martyr of to-day
Is the saint of the future years,
And his greatest good shall spring
From out the crypt of his tears.

The poet weeps through the night,
And deems that the night is long,
But in the morn his tears had all
Been crystallized into song.

And the song goes forth in the land,
And tells it of truth and trust,
And all that is best of life,
Long after the poet is dust.

UNITY CHURCH.

VIII.

THE UNITY CLUB.

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

The Unity Club is the legitimate child of the Unity Church as described in the foregoing papers. The church of our fathers, whose leading, if not exclusive, aim was to save men's souls, according to the provisions of a certain "scheme of salvation," from the perdition of a future world, would have found little or no use for a Unity Club. Indeed, in such a church such a club would probably have been thought profane. It is only with the new conception of the church as an association existing primarily for practical usefulness in this world that the need and legitimacy of such an aid as the Unity Club suggests itself.

The Unity Club has been called "the educational side" of the church. It might also be called, with some truth, the social side of the church. Not, however, that it can claim a monopoly of these functions; for the work of both pulpit and Sunday School is largely educational, and there must needs be other social instrumentalities besides those which the club can furnish. Nevertheless, practical experience shows that there is a certain large

and important department of educational and social work falling within the province of the Liberal church which can be done best through some such special instrumentality as the Unity Club. The first thing to be borne in mind, however, in regard to such a club is, that it is to be kept subordinate to the church. The church, and not it, is the main thing. If it is allowed in any sense to overshadow the church, or draw away interest from the more important religious work which the church stands distinctively for, it becomes an evil.

Where may Unity Clubs be organized to advantage? I think almost everywhere where there are half a dozen or more persons who are interested to work together for the ends which the club contemplates. The club may be very simple, or it may be quite complex. It may undertake to do only one thing, or it may undertake to do a variety of things. There is no limit to its elasticity: one of its excellencies is that it easily adapts itself to almost all possible circumstances. Its main use is, doubtless, as I have already said, as an auxiliary to the church. But it has a mission also in many a place where there is no church. In hundreds of places in the country the organization of a Unity Club on soil where no Liberal church exists might accomplish much good in itself, besides planting in the community a seed of influence which would take root and in due time might develop into a Unity Church.

Who shall take the lead in starting a club? Any one who is interested. A man? Yes. A woman? Yes. A very influential or wise person? Not necessarily. Indeed, it is important that the mover should not be very wise, in his own opinion, else he will be likely to spoil the club. If the club is to be started in connection with a church, of course the pastor should be, if not active in it, at least in hearty sympathy with it. Indeed, if only the pastor happens to be just what the pastor of Unity Church *ought* to be, the club should choose him for its President or Leader. If, however, he happens not to possess qualities which will make him a successful Leader, he is in duty bound to be wise enough to know it and humble enough to confess it; and then, of course, with his most cordial approval and help, some other (the most active, intelligent and reliable man or woman available) must be chosen.

How many officers is it best to have? Very few. A Leader (or President), a Secretary and a Treasurer will be necessary, besides certain committees. If more officers are needed they can be added at any time.

What about Constitution and By-Laws? It may be important to have something in this line; but it will be wise to let it be very slight. These are not the things to spend time over. The important matter is to get the club going in some simple, earnest fashion, and let the machinery grow as it is needed. No two clubs will take just the same form. The kind of club adapted to the wants of a church in a large city would not answer for a small town or village. A hundred persons

forming a club will naturally organize differently and go to work differently from ten or a dozen persons. A club containing within itself much culture and literary talent and experience will choose both different kinds of work and different methods from a club whose members are mainly inexperienced and of limited culture. But it will be found perfectly easy to adapt the club to the wants of the place and the persons making it up, under all these changed circumstances. Only one thing is necessary, and that is to decide at the beginning of your season, or term of work, definitely what you will do, and then in a straight-forward, earnest, business-like way set about it, and not stop or turn aside until it is done. Where the work is to be at all elaborate, it is found the wisest course to make out and put in print as full a programme as possible at the outset. This tends to prevent scattering, and to bring out the best there is in the workers. The simplest form of club is that in which the members come together to spend the evening in some one thing; for example, in listening to and discussing a paper by some one of their number. Many literary and social clubs (though I think not many so-called Unity Clubs) conduct their meetings regularly in that way, with perhaps the added social feature of a half hour of general conversation before the paper, and general conversation again after the paper is over. Our Unity Clubs range all the way from this degree of simplicity to such elaborateness of work as that seen in the clubs of Janesville and St. Paul, where half a dozen different lines of study are carried on abreast, and three or four on the same evening.

It is important to consider with some care the different aims which clubs may legitimately have in view. These may, perhaps, be set down as education, helpfulness, social enjoyment and making money. Let me speak of these separately.

I. *Making Money.*—Clubs whose chief aim is to make money (if any such there are) can be, at best, only poor things, and should hardly have a place in our list. Of course, money must be had for various good purposes; and it is not to be set down as a rigid rule that the Unity Club should never undertake to raise it. On the contrary, it is perhaps best that our clubs should do some planning each year with financial ends in view. The Cincinnati Club has raised a large amount of money by lectures, and spent the same in various excellent ways; the Ann Arbor Club has, by dramatic entertainments, concerts, and regular admission fees to literary meetings, provided funds to buy a piano, and otherwise materially aid in furnishing the social rooms of the new church; the Janesville Club has furnished itself with a small but valuable working library; other clubs make a good financial exhibit. This is, perhaps, not to be condemned, if the money-raising has been kept strictly subordinate to higher aims. But a club whose leading object is to make money (and the temptation to this is very strong in some of our financially hard-pressed parishes) becomes about as worthless,

so far as the proper objects of a club are concerned, as any institution can be.

II. *Social Enjoyment.*—The Unity Club, at its best, will not be by any means simply or only social in its aims, yet it will have a social side which will always be kept prominent. Beware of letting the club become an organization for merely "having good times." The best social results are accomplished in connection with, and not separately from, good, earnest literary or philanthropic work. A club with merely social aims becomes almost certainly frivolous; and a frivolous club is worse than none. Beware of dancing. Not that dancing is always and everywhere to be condemned; but its tendency is to dissipate earnest purpose. Better the measles or small pox get into the club than a general desire to dance. So insidious and intellectually demoralizing is dancing, that it will be found best either rigidly to exclude it or else carefully restrict it within narrow limits.

Suppers, now and then, form a pleasant feature of the club programme. Some clubs begin and end the season with a social evening, of which a supper forms an attractive part. Much should be made of the club in a social direction all through the season. This may be done in either of two ways: (1) by having every, say, third or fourth meeting a distinctively social meeting, or, (2) what I am disposed to think is generally better, by devoting a part of each evening, say the last three-quarters of an hour, to social enjoyment and amusement. A spirit of sociability and fraternity should pervade all the work of the club. There should be happy, hearty greetings on coming together, and cordial good-bys on separating. Nobody in the club should be a stranger to anybody else. Don't let the evenings or parts of evenings set apart for social enjoyment be heavy or stupid. To prevent the possibility of this, have a good Social Committee, or Amusement Committee, whose duty it shall be to provide a variety of pleasant diversions, such as brief readings, recitations, charades, pantomimes, tableaux, music (avoid long, dull piano performances), "chip-baskets," "fun-budgets," impersonations, representations of simple scenes from Dickens, etc., etc. Any member of the club who has a special "gift" or "accomplishment," from violin-playing to whistling, from reciting Shakespeare to singing songs from Pinafore, should be utilized here. Three-quarters of an hour of this kind of diversion and social good time, coming in to close an evening of earnest work, will be invaluable. One general caution is perhaps necessary. The club should guard against harming the church, by crowding out, interfering with, or weakening the social life of the church as a church. The church must have a social life which it cannot delegate to the club. The club should supplement this, not subvert it.

III. *Helpfulness.*—It is doubtful if the average Unity Club, so far, has paid enough attention to the thought of doing good, outside of its own membership. An organization which aims only at its own profit or pleasure is hardly worthy to

be connected with a Christian church. If a few of our clubs have done some good work for the benefit of the communities where they exist, this may well be an incentive to others to follow their example. It is a question worthy of consideration, whether any club should be organized without a strong Committee on Helpfulness, made up of its most earnest and efficient members, whose duty shall be to find out ways in which the club can make itself useful in promoting temperance, the purification of politics, charities, philanthropies, education, reforms; or in otherwise serving the community. There is no end to the ways in which good may be done, if only warm hearts, determined wills, and clear heads set about it. Here, again, the club may co-operate with, and in important ways supplement, the church.

IV. *Education.*—Although the aims already mentioned are legitimate, and at least two of them important, yet perhaps the largest part of the time and effort of the average Unity Club may properly be given to the carrying on of educational work, or the promotion of self-culture among its members.

To make this educational work efficient, the needs of the club and the amount and quality of the working force available must be carefully considered. At the very start, also, this question has to be met and decided: Will the club undertake to do first-rate work at the risk of not being able to interest so many in it, or a poorer quality and attract a larger crowd? Undoubtedly superficial work, which aims merely to interest and entertain, will, at the outset, make a club most popular in a community, and secure for it the largest roll of members and largest attendance upon its meetings. But let the club carefully consider whether it can afford such popularity. In favor of electing to do the better work, too, it may be said that such work need not be dull or unattractive. Indeed, it is a question whether good work may not be so planned and carried on as in the end to prove most interesting to almost all classes of persons. It seems to be true, with hardly an exception, that the clubs which have arranged the literary part of their programmes least for show and most for vigorous study and real improvement, have, as a matter of fact, been most prosperous.

The kinds of educational or literary work that offer themselves to clubs are, broadly, two. First, the pursuit of definite lines of study, mapped out and arranged beforehand,—as, for example, the poetry of Longfellow, the writings of Dickens, the history of art, certain plays of Shakespeare, the philosophy of Herbert Spencer, biology, etc. Second, such kind of work as aims at keeping those who carry it on intelligent or "posted" regarding current doing and thinking,—that is to say, regarding Current Literature, Current Events, Current Science, Current Politics, Inventions, Discoveries, etc. Either kind of work is valuable, and offers variety enough to suit all tastes. Some clubs unite the two with good results.

Where several lines of work are carried on at

once it is generally found best to divide the club into sections, each section to be responsible for one line of study or activity. I had thought to speak in some detail of the literary work which has been done by two or three of our most successful clubs, but want of space prevents. Nor is it necessary, perhaps, since much information on this subject has been published in the columns of UNITY already. I close with a few general observations and suggestions.

Unity Clubs are not the most important things in the world; yet they are, beyond question, proving themselves really valuable adjuncts to the Unity Church; and in many places where they do not now exist they may be organized to advantage. Don't think it isn't worth while to have a club because you can't have a large one. Some of our most useful clubs are small. Don't be afraid of hard work. Get as many persons to work as possible. Don't be timid about asking people to take parts. Persons who at first think they can do nothing, often develop into the most valuable workers. Have a somewhat varied programme; thus a larger number of persons can be interested. Yet do not let a desire for variety make the work of the club scattering and thin, or prevent thorough, consecutive work in definite lines. Have papers short, and generally followed by conversation. Encourage the giving of brief, carefully prepared "talks" in place of papers. Begin all your meetings promptly; close as promptly. Do not allow to one speaker or writer or subject time that belongs to another. Let there be no dragging. Choose subjects for study that will be morally helpful as well as intellectually interesting, remembering that it is more important to make our lives noble and strong than it is merely to add a little to our knowledge. Arrange and print your season's programme beforehand, with names, dates, subjects, etc. Have your club meet not less often than once in two weeks; our most successful clubs generally have a meeting of some kind,—if not of the whole club, at least of some study-class or section,—every week. Good, consecutive literary work is impracticable if meetings do not occur as often as fortnightly. See that your Secretary keeps terse, correct minutes of the club's doings, and reads the same to the club once a month. I have urged that a programme of work be made out and printed at the beginning of each season; I would also urge that at the end of the season a printed report be made of the work that has been done, together with a somewhat full exhibit of the finances of the year. The good results of such a report will be found to more than outweigh the printer's bill. Finally, see that your finances are kept in good shape. Secure for your club a regular income, and keep out persons who have no interest in the real aims of the club by an entrance fee of ten cents, paid at the door at each meeting, or, perhaps better, by an annual membership fee of a dollar. Begin a Club Library. Consider whether a Magazine Club would not be useful and practicable. Even be so bold as to inquire if a

Reading Room would be quite out of the question. If your lot happens to be cast where a new church is to be built, urge the importance of accommodations for the Unity Club.

WOMAN'S DRESS.

F. E. RUSSELL.

Perhaps you think it is a little thing. Most people appear to think so. But to me it seems that the false and pernicious fashion of woman's dress is one of the greatest of outside evils,—a very visible weight and hindrance to human progress. I mean neither the corset, nor the bustle, nor the wire skirt, nor the panier, nor the trail, nor false hair, nor jewels hung in the flesh, nor extravagance in material, nor simplicity of trimming; but, as a source of all these, the foundation idea of woman's distinctive costume—*drapery instead of clothing*. That means woman fettered, man degraded, children defrauded and sophisticated.

We seem to be the victims of some old superstition: it always has been so, therefore it always must be so. The human body needs clothing for the sake of health and comfort, and comfort includes convenience. Are these ideas the leading ones in woman's dress? She seems to be a subject for endless decoration. Herbert Spencer says that, "in order of time, decoration precedes dress," as may be seen among barbarians. For the sake of supposed beauty much of woman's health has hitherto been sacrificed, and her talents have been frivolously employed. And has woman gained in beauty by this course? She has lost many a charm, both physical and mental, in her long pursuit of fashion; and the ideal of beauty in dress seems to be as far away as ever. Once the very foundation principle was the necessity for flowing lines and long, sweeping curves. But for a long time that idea has been practically abandoned, and the skirt has been simply a field for every possible variety of ruffles, and puffs, and plaits, and shirs, and upholstering, with sharp curves and short, broken lines. Once old fashions were hideous, and each new one was supposed to be bringing us nearer to the mysterious ideal. Now it is the new fashion to be old-fashioned. So it will go on until we strike at the root of the evil. Skirts that must be lifted and managed by the hands when walking, climbing steps, or working, are an abomination and a snare.

Women themselves seem strongly indifferent to their bondage. If they think of it at all, they regard their skirts as necessary for womanly beauty. But I hear that Worth has declared that the most beautiful costume in the world consists of a short tunic and trousers, and that women must suffer in health till they will adopt it. No woman who has worn a costume of this kind long enough to lose the feeling of strangeness, ever again feels reconciled to long skirts, unless hopelessly given to variety.

"I envy not, in any mood,
The captive void of noble rage,
The linnet born within the cage,
That never knew the summer woods."

Long skirts are a hindrance to women in every kind of work. Their management becomes easier from habit, but it is a great waste of energy and a severe tax upon the time and thoughts and vital powers of women who have other work to do. In many ways the drapery costume tends to make and to keep women invalids. Few realize how much it has to do with their indoor sedentary lives. Man's dress seems made to serve him. Woman's is her tyrant. There is essential vulgarity in making woman subservient to her dress. Into what vanity and frivolity this endless study of changing fashions and pursuit of something to wear, with appearance as the main idea, leads many women, is too well known to need comment. Men, dandies excepted, spend not over an hour each in a year's time, I should think, in deciding upon the two or three useful suits that clothe them during that time. How many days, weeks and months does the average woman give to the task? With many it becomes the main business of life. As a reward for this devotion to a false idea of womanly beauty, woman's dress is a most common subject for ridicule and newspaper squibs.

Men suffer from the foolishness of woman's costume. Their taste is vitiated. If intelligent men would advocate and encourage a reasonable dress for women, it would very soon be adopted. The love of approbation leads women to dress as they do. They do not stop to reason about it. Few know where the fashions originate, and that many of them are but new stratagems of Parisian courtesans for attracting the attention of sensualists to their personal charms. The new trick "takes" and becomes "the fashion," and queens, wives of rulers and of ministers, teachers, cooks and housekeepers, must all fall into line and follow the fashion. Those of us who are too busy or too poor to keep within sight of the latest style, seem "dowdy," of course, since very few of the fashions have any intrinsic beauty. It is an injury to men to have their ideal of womanly beauty lowered and perverted—attracted to outward rather than to inward perfections. The frivolity and extravagance and unnecessary helplessness of women is a hindrance and a burden to men in many ways. "Man that is born of a woman" is robbed in constitution by whatever impairs her health,—is defrauded in childhood by whatever wastes his mother's time and energy. Where can he find a woman in perfect health for his wife and the mother of his children?

The whole race suffers for lack of healthy and sensible mothers. The corsets and the heavy skirts of mothers are weighty among the causes of the poor constitutions of children. There are many causes for the general ill-health; but here certainly is one. Whatever injures the bodily health impairs mental vigor also. What might we not hope from a generation of healthy mothers, capable of teaching the laws of health to their children! When those same children come to the study of physiology at school, they are already sophisticated by the daily example and practical

teaching of their parents; and it seems no sin to them to violate the laws of God, written plainly in the formation of the human body. There is one subject, at least, they learn, not amenable to common cause,—and that is, woman's dress. Has this no effect upon the moral nature,—upon conscience, principle, independence of thought and action?

How long must this go on? I see why it has been so in the past, but has not our nation at least outgrown the nonsense and become mature enough to put away this childishness in dress? If the time has not yet fully come when women may have the free use of their limbs, it is only because public opinion is not sufficiently educated. I dread to see our free-limbed little girls growing up and coming under this yoke; and many of the best among them dread it for themselves. It is not male attire that we want. Surely American women can devise a complete, comfortable and convenient costume, answering all of the needs of clothing, and yet fulfilling the requirements of beauty. Perhaps here, at last, real beauty will be found, and ornament may be added whenever it does not interfere with use.

MOTHER GOOSE IN A NEW ROLE.

DOMINIE EYESINGLASS.

We have all of us, doubtless, been more or less admirers of the poems of Mother Goose. She appears to have been in many respects a very remarkable woman. She owed little to books and the learning of the schools, but her commanding power was built upon the strength of her native genius. In her peculiar sphere in literature she stands without a rival. Her imagination is something wonderful. She is full of surprises. You set out upon one line with no telling how you will fetch up in the next. She rises above all conventional rules and strikes out an original path. It is this characteristic of her muse that has made her to all children the favorite star in the great galaxy of literary fame. But few, probably, have ever looked for any deeper meaning in her poems than that which floats upon their surface. None have thought of her as a sybil and prophetess, veiling her mystic wisdom from an age unable to receive it, and preserving it in a pleasing form for a later generation, which should see below the letter and discover the long-hid import of her seemingly trivial songs.

Such an interpreter has at last been found in the learned Rev. Prof. Homily Prolix, who has made this author his life-long study, and has found the key to the real meaning of her inspired utterances. Acting on the hints of certain theologians, he has applied their principles to this author's writings, and finds them saturated with a moral insight and inspiration of which she herself was not fully aware, but became, so to speak, the unconscious or half-conscious channel.

The publication of the Professor's great work will make a new epoch in the literary world, and

will not be without its influence upon religious thought. It is likely to give Mother Goose henceforth an unquestioned rank among the world's great moralists and seers. We have been permitted to review a part of the multitudinous manuscript of Prof. Prolix, from which we are able to give the public some idea of the searching scholarship of the man, and its fruits in giving vaster meaning to what has hitherto seemed to most people so simple and easily understood. We must limit ourselves to one reference only, from which the general method of his interpretation can be seen. We will take the familiar and suggestive poem of the man and the bramble-bush. In the published works of the Professor the full notes and reflections upon this poem will comprise two octavo volumes, and the full commentaries will form at least one hundred more. They can be published only by subscription, and the loyal minister is warned to begin saving money against the call of the religious book agent. But to the poem in question:

*"There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise;
He jumped into a bramble-bush
And scratched out both his eyes."*

What does this mean? Evidently not what the mere words say; for this would be sheer nonsense. No man, least of all a wise man, would tear his clothes by needlessly jumping into a bramble-bush. But, comments the Rev. Professor, the bramble-bush is here a mere symbol. Mother Goose opens her mouth darkly in parables, so to speak. The bramble stands for difficulty, for arduous undertaking, for high and noble, but difficult, enterprise. Timid souls shrink always from such a thing. They never jump into it. They only walk over the ground where the bramble-bush has been quite cleared away. But it is the wise that lead the race, that surmount obstacles, that clear the way for the common crowd to come after. Hence, it is said here that this wondrous-wise man (who is type of all heroes and reformers) jumped into the bramble-bush. He did not go round it; he did not attempt to jump over it; he jumped into it.

But didn't it hurt him? Of course it did! And here the fine discrimination of our author is strikingly shown. Didn't the reformers and prophets always suffer? Are not the church and state both built upon the martyrs? Have not all the world's great leaders endured pain and obloquy for the sake of opening new paths to progress? To be sure they have. And all this is represented here by the loss of the man's eyes. But now observe this. It was only the outward vision that the man for a while lost. He did not lose his inward sight. He did not give up his purpose, or grow faint-hearted. He did not sit down in his momentary defeat and say it was all over with him. No. He had counted the cost. He had set out upon a grand mission for his fellowmen. Through thick and thin he was to hold to his first inspired purpose. He did not turn back, or yield to seeming failure and the ridicule of the ignorant multitude.

No. He kept straight on, hiding his momentary pain in his own bosom.

"And now observe," says our Rev. Professor, "how beautifully and vividly Mother Goose represents this patience and persistency and high purpose of the wise man:

*'And when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main,
He jumped into another bush
And scratched them in again.'*

"So it is always," observes the Rev. Professor, in his commentary upon the poem; "If we yield to the first blinding power of failure, or disappointment, or seeming loss, it is all over with us, and our names are 'inscribed on the rolls of common men.' But if we push on in our purpose, we recover all our apparent losses and are crowned victors at last. The multitude that looked upon our action as folly come to recognize its wisdom, and are ashamed of their shallow and hasty judgments."

With some incidental remarks of the Rev. Professor we may at times disagree;—as, for example, where in this restoration of the man's eyesight, by jumping into another bush like that which first destroyed his sight, he discovers a prophecy on the part of Mother Goose of the rise of the modern principles of homeopathy; or, where again, in the story of the old woman who swept the cob-webs from the sky, he infers a similar foreshadowing of the higher mission and sphere of woman, and the ennoblement of simple domestic service. These seem to us somewhat fanciful; but with the main principles of his interpretation we confess ourselves greatly charmed. We believe his work will have its influence upon the interpretation of all ancient, and especially so-called sacred literature, and show us how much we can ourselves read into an author when once we abandon the manifest meaning of the words and strike out boldly for secondary and possible interpretations. We bespeak for the Commentaries a wide and hearty reception. No library will be complete without them.

THE MADISON (WIS.) EMERSON MEMORIAL SERVICE.

The Emerson memorial service at the Madison, Wis., Unitarian Church, on Sunday morning, May 14, was a unique tribute to the life and genius of him whom A. Bronson Alcott has called "the bard high heaven had for its service sent," and who may be said, in the words of the Rev. E. A. Horton, to be the best representative "of the spirit of a Christian republic." The programme was planned with most excellent taste by the pastor, the Rev. J. H. Crooker, who, by his skill in drawing out the talent of the society over which he has been called to preside, proved that he was peculiarly well adapted to supply that "chief want in life: somebody who shall make us do what we can." He also showed his profound appreciation of Emerson as a man, a poet and a teacher, by the sympathetic and fitting remarks with which he precluded the different por-

tions of the service and introduced the speakers; he had struck the key-note to the hymn of praise in the hearts of the lovers of Emerson about him, and knew how to blend into one harmonious whole the responsive chords he had called forth.

The church was filled to overflowing, the various religious societies in Madison were well represented, and it seemed as though sectarian prejudices were forgotten in the reverence felt for America's great prophet and seer, whose mission it was to teach a higher religion than that of mere doctrines. After the introductory remarks by the pastor, the choir sang Emerson's hymn, beginning:

"Stainless soldier on the walls!"

Then Mr. Crooker read several appropriate selections from Emerson's writings, following with a prayer, after which the choir sang "All before us lies the way." Of this hymn it is proper to say that Miss Ellen Emerson, in a private letter to Miss Woodward, states that when it first appeared, some twenty-five years ago, over her father's name, he said that he had not written it, and that it must be by some other Emerson. Mr. Crooker expressed, at Cleveland and elsewhere, serious doubts regarding the authenticity of this hymn; but they were overruled by those who had frequently seen it printed with the full name, R. W. Emerson.

Prof. W. F. Allen, of the University of Wisconsin, read a valuable paper on "Emerson in Literature," of which the following is a brief abstract:

"When we ask what was Emerson's place in literature, we mean the literature of power; in what way and in what degree did his uttered words help the men and women of his generation to lives of greater beauty and beneficence, and assist in the creation of a literature of the higher type?"

"Carlyle and Emerson are constantly, but unjustly, associated with one another; and in relation to the literature of power there is this marked distinction between them—that Carlyle's influence was very powerful a generation ago, but has gradually declined, while Emerson's, limited and hardly acknowledged then, has steadily grown. Another contrast may be pointed out between them in their influence upon style. Here Carlyle's influence was wholly bad, because his style is full of mannerisms. Emerson's characteristics of style, on the other hand—simplicity, directness, wonderful terseness, an unerring choice of words, at once pleasing to the ear and the imagination, which at the same time convey his thoughts with the greatest force and exactness—these are positive excellencies of style, to be sought by all writers, and on all subjects. It is individuality, not mannerism. At the same time, while remarkable in his construction of sentences, Emerson was defective in his construction of paragraphs; but this is a fault not likely to be imitated. These positive qualities of his are just what our American writers most need."

Miss Ella A. Giles delivered an address on Emerson's gospel, and told in clear, unaffected language what this gospel had been to her. She dwelt upon the virtues to which Emerson gives most emphasis, and said that his gospel was one of sincerity, reality, spirituality, trustfulness, hospitality, beauty, goodness, independence, freedom.

The next paper was by Miss A. A. Woodward (Auber Forestier), giving an account of a visit to Emerson's home; and as it treats of incidents not previously given to the public, and presents a graphic picture of Mr. Emerson in his latter days, and of that exquisite courtesy and love of his friends which never forsook him, even when his memory was most darkly clouded, we feel justified in printing it in full, and it will be printed in a future number of UNITY.

An appropriate solo was then finely sung by the tenor of the choir, Mr. Storm Bull, a nephew of

Ole Bull, and this was followed by an able and original address on "The Nature and Significance of Emerson's Teachings," by Prof. D. B. Frankenburg, of the University of Wisconsin, who noticed in graphic manner the charges of obscurity and shallowness which were early brought against Mr. Emerson, and the beautiful serenity and patience with which they were borne by him. He met the assertion that Mr. Emerson had no philosophy by the prophet's own teaching, that it is too early by some centuries to *formulate a system*.

An address was marked on the programme, "The Growth of Emerson's Influence," by the pastor, Rev. J. H. Crooker, which he had meant to deliver in case there should be any gap in the other exercises; but as these proved to occupy the full allowance of time, he preferred to say no more than was needful to introduce and suitably weave together the efforts of the other speakers. In this way, however, as before indicated, he showed himself to be so thoroughly in harmony with the spirit of Emerson, as well as so efficient a leader, that we shall hope to hear more of his views, and of those which his efforts called forth from others.

Before the benediction the choir and congregation sang, with much solemnity and earnestness, to the favorite tune of "Hursles," Emerson's incomparable hymn, beginning:

"Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home;
Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine
Long through the weary crowds I roam,—
A river-ark on the ocean brine,
Long I've been tossed like the driven foam;
But now, proud world! I'm going home."

Conferences.

DOCTRINAL INSTRUCTION IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Extracts from a paper read at the annual meeting of the Western Sunday School Society, at Cleveland, in May, 1882, by Kate Gannett Wells.

* * * The necessity of doctrinal instruction in the Sunday School being accepted, it still remains to prove that it can be given in an acceptable manner. This can only be done by personal enthusiasm for the doctrines. If the teacher believes them she cannot help teaching them, and can best teach them by bringing forward the historical and biographical element which has aided in their formation.

Three points are to be remembered in dealing with children: 1. That they like to argue; 2. That they must be led from details to make their *own* generalizations; 3. That the personal element is that which first attracts them. Therefore is it best to make a man the center of each doctrine, and to trace the circumstances of his life which developed his growing faith in his special belief,—as he himself became a leader and stamped his belief upon his followers, until a sect was formed whose name indicated its origin; while subsequent loyalty to that name made it one of the banner words which have kindled faith and, alas! too often in-

creased persecution. We, as teachers, want to bring the intellectual necessity for one or another belief right into our own lives, to infuse ourselves with the spirit which has animated others, and to see with their eyes, until we can find in every doctrine, whether ours or some one's else, some ground of justification, some common bond of union. Only in this way can we be liberal towards another's faith while we are loyal towards our own. There is no better method of implanting in the minds of the young these two tendencies of thought, the inclination to liberality and to loyalty, than by giving doctrinal instruction in our Sunday Schools.

Let me outline a method which was followed from a desire to do just that work for the mind of the pupils. In a certain Sunday School there was a class of boys who knew something about the history of the Bible, but of the growth of sects from Bible texts they were completely ignorant. So they gave themselves for their winter's work the discovery of the foundation on which each large denomination rested.

They began with Unitarianism, and taking it for granted that that word stood for the Unity of God against his Trinity, and then for Unity of Spirit rather than unity of opinion in minor matters, they traced, in a superficial manner, the growth of the Monotheistic doctrine among the Jews; then they examined the influence of Greek thought and Neo-Platonism, and the personal conflicts that entered into the discussion of a triune God, till they reached the council of Nice, when one boy stood for Arius, and another for Athanasius, and still another for Constantine, and they settled the question again. Their debates were ignorant and heated, and they often ended in laughing, but the discussion set the class thinking. There they left their Unitarianism for some months, while they took up the other sects. They next studied orthodoxy in the same way, making Calvin and Edwards their heroes.

Having thus studied two opposite roads to salvation, the Unitarian and the Orthodox, they turned towards the smaller sects, and discussed the different forms of church government as seen in the Episcopal, Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational churches, making prominent one or two men in each sect who carried forward that movement. They grew very liberal as they saw, by talking over their own friends, how one nature needed *authority*, another *freedom*, and still another *method* in all matters,—that the same mental influences which led them to one church rather than to another could be traced in their very pursuits all through life. The boys would take sides and argue against each other, some one scholar acting as chairman of the debate, to recall the speakers to their subject when any personal allusion was made. One would represent an Episcopalian, another a Methodist, and another a Congregationalist. They learned to understand each other's points of view by endeavoring to pick out their plausible or good side, and helped themselves to be both liberal and loyal. The smaller sects they studied in the same way, *i. e.*, the Bible text,—the leader of the sect,—its *growth*,—its *adaptation* to some kind of human nature somewhere. Finally, they summed up what remained to them of be-

lief, and lo! it was what is called Unitarianism. They had definite ideas about the authority of the Bible, about God, prayer, heaven and man; they called those ideas doctrines; they differed in degrees of belief, but they clung to their denomination, because it included more of truth and less of friction than any other church; because, though some felt Christ's personal power and authority more than others, they all acknowledged that his purpose was to make them loyal to God, call him by what name one will, and that character made freedom and fellowship compatible: and they all are Unitarians to-day,—some radical, some conservative.

They had little knowledge, but they thought out their imperfect ideas; and by thinking and talking about doctrines, just as they discussed people and books, they found out what they thought. Some one may say it was a very poor way of doing, but it showed that even in a poor way doctrinal teaching can be made attractive, even to young people, if a hero make the background, and if children are allowed to *talk*, the teacher guiding, bringing them out.

Notes from the Field.

MANISTEE.—The Society at Manistee, Mich., have begun work on their new church.

REV. MR. KITTREDGE, State Missionary of Michigan, has gone East in search of men to initiate in the Western work of building up churches in Michigan.

BROS. SNYDER, SUNDERLAND AND FORBUSH were in our office one day last week. All are looking well, and all speak enthusiastically about our liberal work in the West.

ANN ARBOR.—The Society at Ann Arbor worship in their old church the last time the first Sunday in July. They expect their new church will be ready for occupancy in September.

REV. MR. FORBUSH, of Detroit, Mich., spends his summer vacation in New England. Rev. Mr. Sunderland will probably remain at Ann Arbor, his presence being necessary there in order to get ready for his coming year's work.

THE ROUND TABLE, a ministerial club, of Chicago, composed of clergymen of various denominations, made a visit to Rev. Brooke Herford's place, in Winnetka, one day last week. We understand from those who were present that it was a very enjoyable occasion.

GENEVA.—Next Sunday, June 18th, is Children's Day and Flower Sunday in Geneva, Ill. In the morning there will be a concert by the Sunday School. In the evening it is expected there will be a preaching service. Geneva is about ready to settle a pastor, if only the right man can be secured.

MEADVILLE.—The committee appointed at the Cleveland Conference to confer with the Alumni of the Meadville Theological School in reference to the re-

moval of that institution to Cleveland, Ohio, held their meeting during anniversary week in Boston. We understand nothing definite was determined. It looks now as if Meadville would keep its Theological School.

DECATUR.—A friend writes from Decatur that the time has come for a Unitarian movement in that place. We only wish we had some man of the right sort to enter this field and reap the harvest which is waiting to be gathered. There are many other places in this State, and, indeed, all over the West, where only men and money are needed to give our liberal ideas a strong habitation and a home.

The Study Table.

All Publications noticed in this Department, as well as New and Standard Books, can be obtained of the Colegrove Book Co., 40 Madison street, Chicago.

LITERARY NOTES.

The *Atlantic Monthly* will, during Mr. Aldrich's absence in Europe, be edited by Mr. Horace E. Scudder.—Ouida's last novel, "Moths," has been translated into French, and it is called, after the name of its heroine, "La Princesse Zouroff."—J. R. Osgood & Co. have just printed a "Pocket Guide to Europe." It contains maps and every needed detail as to hotels, fares, routes, etc.—The old house at Westminster in which Milton wrote *Paradise Lost* has been entirely demolished, only the front door and its frame-work being left.—A memorial volume on Abraham Lincoln will soon appear in Springfield, Illinois.—June 14th number of *Our Continent* contains some very interesting selections, among which are, "When the Kye Come Hame," by James Hogg; "Mrs. Dodd's Partierre," by Mary N. Prescott; "The Singing of Luigi," by Edgar Fawcett; "Grishka Stepanovna," by Neil Garrison, and other very interesting articles.—The *New York Post* says that Mr. Elliott Cabot, of Boston, is engaged on a biography of Emerson, which will be the 'official' life of the poet. Mr. Cabot has had access to the poet's papers for nearly two years, and it is said that he is to be the literary executor of Mr. Emerson.—Judge Tourgee will soon begin, in the *Our Continent*, the publication of a serial story in twelve parts, to be called "Hot Plowshares."—Geo. H. Ellis has just published "Gems of the Orient," a volume of aphorisms and selections from the Hindoo, Chinese, Persian, and Arabic literatures, collected by C. D. B. Mills, of Syracuse. It contains about eight hundred carefully selected extracts in prose and verse, including many passages which have never before been translated into English.—Estes & Lauriat have in press "The Young Folks' History of the Netherlands," a history of Holland and Belgium, from the earliest times down to the present, written by Alexander Young.

EXTRACTS

FROM "PEBBLES, PEARLS AND GEMS OF THE ORIENT."
C. D. B. MILLS.

A kind reception is better than a feast.—*Telugu.*

Who chatters to you, will chatter of you.—*Persian.*

You can't rivet a nail in a boiled potato.—*Japanese.*

Anger is as a stone cast into a wasp's nest.—*Malabar.*

A great man never loses the simplicity of a child.—*Chinese.*

Rotten wood cannot be carved; a dirt wall won't stand the trowel.—*Chinese (Confucius.)*

The devil tempts man, but the idle one tempts the devil.—*Turkish.*

The only pleasure that never wears out is that of doing good.—*Chinese.*

Bodies are cleansed by water; the mind is purified by truth.—*Hindu (Manu.)*

There is no other recourse or refuge from God than in him.—*Persian (Sufi), Brown.*

No act of devotion can equal truth, no crime is so heinous as falsehood.—*Hindu (Kabir.)*

When a word has once escaped, a chariot and four horses cannot overtake it.—*Chinese.*

The radiance of God encompasses my soul, as the halo environs the disk of the moon.—*Hindu.*

The truths we least wish to hear are those which it is most to our advantage to know.—*Chinese.*

To sew patch upon patch and be patient is better than writing petitions to great men for clothing.—*Persian.*

To pious minds each verdant leaf displays

A volume teeming with the Almighty's praise.

—*Persian (Saadi), Alger*

Be not all sugar, or the world will gulp thee down; nor yet all wormwood, or the world will spit thee out.—*Persian.*

To complain of the necessity of dying is to accuse nature of not having condemned us to perpetual infancy.—*Gregory of Nyssa.*

While our love is strong, we lay on the edge of a sword; now it is no longer strong, a sixty-yard-wide bed is too narrow for us.—*Hebrew (Talmud).*

The man who has need always to be borne and taken care of by some other, will perish thereby. The tortoise carried by two crows fell to the earth.—*Thibetan.*

Shall He who, when I lay in the womb of my mother, was providing milk for my support, fall asleep or become insensible to the care of me in after life.—*Hindu (Sarn-gadhara Paddhati.)*

A stone in the shoe, a gadfly in the ear, a mote in the eye, a thorn in the foot, and a quarrel in the family, however small in themselves, are unspeakably tormenting.—*Hindu (Vemana.)*

A beautiful word is like a poem which sheds glory; a genial word is like harps and lutes; communion with the good is like a fragrance of flowers that fills the neighborhood.—*Chinese.*

Two-fold is the life we live in: fate and will together run.

Two wheels bear the chariot onward. Will it move on only one?

Nay, but faint not, idly sighing, "Destiny is mightiest."

Sesamum holds oil plenty, but it yieldeth none unprest.

—*Hindu (Hitopadesa), Arnold.*

We know of nothing else in all religious literature equal to the following, found in a Buddhist liturgy in use in China, representing the purpose of Gautama:

"Never will I seek or receive private individual salvation—never enter final peace alone, but forever and everywhere will I live and strive for the universal redemption of every creature throughout all worlds. Until all are delivered, never will I leave the world of sin, sorrow and struggle."

The Exchange Table.

LONGFELLOW.

I.

Poet of simple folk, thou art so wise
And from such wisdom-deeps hast drawn thy song,
Thy page is magical to children's eyes,
And still to thee the old and learned throng.
Not thine tempestuous verse of writhing thought
That to-sets frothing words against bleak skies,
Or from black bottoms in a whirlpool caught,
Stirs up a gleaming slime of passion-dyes.
These are hot shallows: where the sea is deep
The mightiest storm leaves the cool waters clean.
So doth thy verse blow fervently, but sweep
No foulness up from the heart-deeps serene.
Where in sweet visions child and man unite,
Appear the heights and depths of human sight.

II.

Reading awhile, I said—This poet's verse,
Whereunto shall I liken it? A brook
That in the valley doth the songs rehearse
Of mountain-tops, that is this poet's book;
And children wade in it from side to side,
And toss its sparkling drops from face to face.
Looking again, I said—Nay, 'tis a river wide,
A stately stream that flows by towns apace,
And gathers in its breast toil-songs of men.
Reading once more, I cried—I sail a sea,
A deep where storms and calms of joy and pain
Mingle in harmony with heaven and me.
I ceased: yet not oppress with thoughts in strife
How this could be. I had been reading LIFE.
—J. Vila Blake, in *Literary World*.

The *Boston Advertiser* has caused a count of churchgoers in that city to be made, from which it appears that on a recent Sunday 120,000, or about one-fourth of the people, were in the churches on that day. The point of special surprise brought to view was the average smallness of the Methodist congregations.

A writer in the *Popular Science Monthly* claims that there is an error in the translation of the Hebrew numbers in regard to the great longevity of the antediluvian patriarchs. By his figures, Adam lived 139 instead of 930 years, and Noah 159 instead of 950. Methuselah fares worse still, being cut down from 969 to 124 years.

TRUE PRAYER CANNOT BE SELFISH.—"The contrary wind that obstructs the course of one vessel proves highly beneficial, probably, to some other; and hence the prayer for favorable winds for one cannot be answered by God without proving disastrous to others of his children, sailing in an opposite direction."—*Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

The *Christian Register*, discoursing of the fall of Adam, says he did not fall down, he fell up; and history was not a descent, but an ascent. And finally closes with this paragraph: "The real fall of Adam has just taken place. He has fallen from the responsible position in which he was placed as the original representative sinner of the race, through whom physical and spiritual death came upon all humanity; and we cannot be sorry for it, for the new fall of Adam brings as many blessings as the old fall brought curses.

Rev. I. M. Atwood, in the *Universalist Quarterly*, claims that religion is not so seriously threatened by scientific research, and the speculations of the learned, nor even by "scoffing infidels," as by the skepticism which comes of "complete absorption of the human faculties in a world of sense." He says: "The man who is thoroughly taken up and filled full with his pursuits or his pleasures,—with his farming, trading, railroading, housekeeping; or with his club, his yacht, his horses, his gun, his liquor, his lark, has no data for spiritual convictions. He is without God and without hope. Not because God and hope are absent, but because the god of this world has blinded his mind."

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—It is a sign of weakness for a woman to submit to such an outrage as to have tobacco smoke befouling the air she has to breathe. To protest against wrong is the right of every one. On the women of our land lies the duty of combating this tobacco fiend which is sapping the health and life of our people. To court smoke, and profess to like it, is either hypocrisy, or, as we have said before, the sign of a depraved taste which needs purifying. Let every woman refuse positively to allow smoking in her presence. She will thus do her share in ridding the world of a filthy and health-destroying habit, and show that she has at least an appreciation of cleanliness and womanly refinement. The qualities which would guide her actions in doing this would win for her the admiration of all men whose powers of appreciation are capable of soaring above that which is coarse.—*Journal of Health*.

LIFE IS WORTH LIVING.—It is absolutely impossible to duplicate or repeat a great man's work; the next great man does a work of his own, which may involve, as in case of Darwin and Emerson, an utter departure from the methods of his predecessor. The kind of service rendered to humanity by Emerson was one thing; that rendered by Darwin was another; that of Longfellow was essentially different from both. Yet each filled his sphere, and when each falls, it seems as if he could never be replaced. * * Each was unselfish in the search for truth, noble in friendship, generous to opponents, pure in private life and the center of a happy home. Each was descended from an honorable and intellectual stock; each left children and grandchildren to continue it; each had in his declining years that "Honor, love, obedience, troops of friends" without which poor Macbeth found life such wretchedness. Each was cultivated in his own way up to the highest standard; each lived the life he would most have preferred out of all vocations; each found the tools ready to his hands; each was spared to build the structure he had planned. What a record is all this! How can the worst of cynics ask if life is worth living, where one may see before his eyes such a combination of wise, successful, beneficent human careers?—*T. W. Higginson in, Woman's Journal*.

NOT UNDESERVED.—The fun levelled at Mr. Oscar Wilde, when not coarse and ungentelemanly, as in the instance of the Rochester students, as reported in the papers, is not undeserved. A man who wishes to show the worth of the modern renaissance is bound, first of all, not to make it or himself laughable. Mere eccentricities of dress or conduct are sure to prejudice any good cause. The cheapest distinction is that which the tailor or barber can furnish. The "mission" of Mr. Wilde to this country has been quite lost under the accidents and incidents of his career. What kind of a country did he suppose himself to be about to visit? Had he lectured quietly in America, he would not have been relentlessly chaffed from one end of the country to the other. But nobody would then have ever heard of him, and no one would have gone to hear him, says a cynic of the club. Yet the greatest of Englishmen who have come to us have not found it necessary to cultivate an external oddity, and Americans who have been chiefly noted in Europe for peculiarities of costume or any form of extravagance have not most honored the name of their native land, nor most strongly commended it to respect and admiration. "My young friends," said a wise teacher to his pupils, "if God gave you talents, remember not to bury them in a napkin. But if he gave you only a napkin, don't think so to flourish it that it will seem to be full of talents."—*G. W. Curtis, in April Harper*.

On the day that Emerson died, six Emerson trees, two oaks and four rock maples, were planted in Author's Grove at Eden Park, Cincinnati,—a fitting memorial of the dead poet.—*The Index*.

GOOD-BYE, PROUD WORLD!

Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home;
Thou art not my friend; I am not thine;
Too long through weary crowds I roam,—
A river ark on the ocean brine;
Too long I am tossed like the driven foam;
But now, proud world, I'm going home!

Good-bye to Flattery's fawning face;
To Grandeur with his wise grimace;
To upstart Wealth's averted eye;
To supple office, low and high;
To crowded halls, to court and street,
To frozen hearts and hasting feet;
To those who go and those who come,
Good-bye, proud world, I'm going home!

I go to seek my own hearthstone,
Bosomed in yon green hills alone;
A secret lodge in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned,
Where arches green the livelong day
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
And evil men have never trod
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

Oh, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I mock at the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and pride of man,
At the sophist schools and the learned clan;
For what are they all in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?
—Emerson.

HER FATHER'S DAUGHTER.—Miss Lilian Taylor, daughter of Bayard Taylor, has lately translated with great success two of Mr. Edwin Booth's acting plays into the German, receiving a thousand dollars for the work. Mr. Booth will use this translation during his German engagement next summer.—*The Woman's Journal*.

"Let them drink molten pearls
Nor dream the cost."

Ministers of first-rate ability generally make a life-long pecuniary sacrifice such as they never ask of their parishioners. The ability that builds up and holds in prosperity a large city church would generally command much more, in the way of pecuniary reward, than the minister ever receives.—*The Christian Register*.

THE DAY OF REST.—There are strong and convincing reasons for Sabbath rest apart from the religious argument. Lord Macaulay said: "We are not poorer, but richer, because we have through many ages rested from our labor one day in seven. That day is not lost." While the industry is suspended, while the exchange is silent, while no smoke issues from the factory, a process is going on quite as important to the wealth of the nation as any which is performed on more busy days. Man, the machine of machines—the machine compared with which all the contrivances of the Watts and Arkwrights are worthless—is repairing and winding up, so that he returns to his labors on the Monday with clearer intellect, with livelier spirits and renewed corporal vigor.—*Our Best Words*.

Announcements.

The fifth annual meeting of the Iowa Association of Unitarian and other Independent churches will be held at Algona, Iowa, June 29th to July 3d, 1882. The following is the programme:

THURSDAY, JUNE 29.

8.00 P. M.—Conference sermon, Rev. J. V. Blake, Quincy, Ill.

FRIDAY, JUNE 30.

9.00 A. M.—Devotional meeting, led by Rev. E. S. Elder.

10.00 A. M.—Business session with reports of officers.

2.00 P. M.—Essay, subject: "Organization," Rev. John Visser, Sioux Falls, Da.

8.30 P. M.—Essay, subject: "The Inflowing Faith," Miss Anna J. Norris, Meadville, Pa.

Social Reunion, from 5 to 7.30 P. M., at the residence of C. A. Ingham.

8.00 P. M.—Sermon, Rev. A. M. Judy, Davenport, Iowa.

SATURDAY, JULY 1.

9.00 A. M.—Devotional meeting, led by Rev. V. B. Cushing, Creston, Iowa.

10.00 A. M.—Essay, Subject: "Science and Religion," Rev. S. S. Hunting, Des Moines, Iowa.

11.00 A. M.—Sermon, Miss Sarah E. Whitney, Clarinda, Iowa.

2.00 P. M.—Essay, subject: "The Relation of Spiritualism to the Church of the Future," with discussions, Hon. J. B. Young, Marion, Iowa.

4.00 P. M.—Woman's meeting. Addresses by Mrs. Julia R. Visser, Mrs. A. M. Swain, of Ft. Dodge, the Secretary, and others.

8.00 P. M.—Sermon, Rev. B. F. Snook, Cedar Falls, Iowa.

SUNDAY, JULY 2.

10.30 A. M.—Sermon, Rev. O. Clute, Iowa City.

3.00 P. M.—Ordination of Miss Sarah E. Whitney; sermon by Rev. E. S. Elder, Keokuk, Iowa.

8.00 P. M.—Platform meeting.

MONDAY, JULY 3.

9.00 A. M.—Devotional meeting, led by Rev. J. V. Blake, Quincy, Ill.

10.00 A. M.—Business Session.

INVITATION.

The members of the Algona Unity Society extend a cordial invitation to all Delegates to the Conference, and offer the hospitality of their homes to them. All intending to be present are requested to send their names to the pastor, M. A. Safford, Algona, Iowa. Those arriving Thursday will be received by a Committee at the Bougey House, and after Thursday by a Committee at the Church.

J. J. WILSON, Ch'n. Ex. Com.

B. G. FORBUSH.

All the Sessions of the Conference will be held in the M. E. Church.

All Delegates paying full fare on the C. M. & St. Paul and Northwestern Railroads, will be returned at one-third rates.

NOW READY.

"THE MORE WONDERFUL GENESIS," UNITY Sunday School Lesson, Series XI., by Henry M. Simmons, is now ready, in pamphlet form, and for sale by the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society, 40 Madison street, Chicago, Ill. Price, per copy, 15 cents; \$1.25 per dozen.

NOTICE.

Any persons desiring extra numbers of THE UNITY of May 16, containing the Conference reports, can have them by writing to or applying in person at UNITY office, 40 Madison street, Chicago, Ill.

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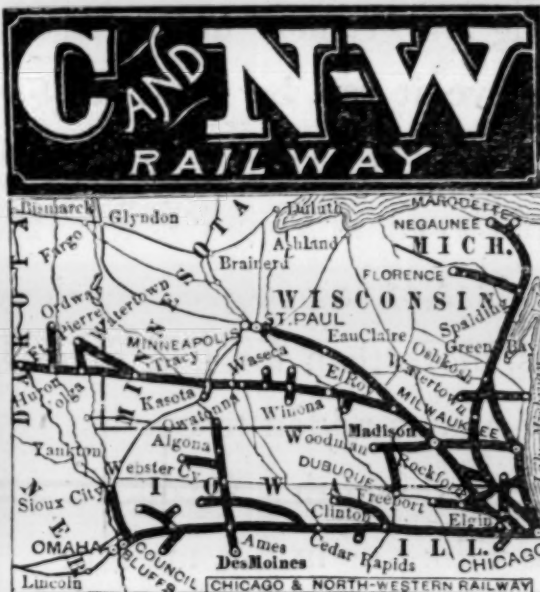
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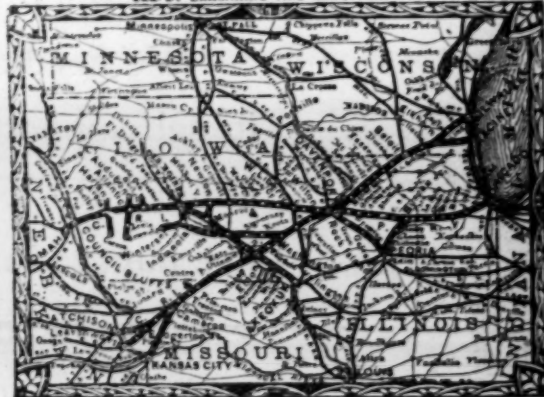
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